PUBLICATIONS.

REAT MOGUL

66 "HF Great Mogul" speeds along, page after page, through the richest of dramatic and

cursed by paid assassins—the dread Thugs.

exciting scenes. It sweeps you to India's

Royal Court, swayed by a beautiful, scheming

woman, to India's by-ways, dark and murky,

Two men of heroic mould battle and love in

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

FREAKS AND HORRORS. Scott Slumming Skindicate Supplement to Morgue and Lodging House Demon-

strations-Blue Over Raid That Wasn't Tom Toms and Chop Suey-Also Beer.

Bill Scott, candidate for "Mayor of Chinatown", to succeed Mr. Chuck Connors, was in hard lines until he strolled into Mills Hotel No. 1, in Bleecker street, last night. The ponies had been running shamefully for Bill and he was stone broke, cleaned out. In the hotel office were forty-seven husky young men with their hands crammed into the side pockete of their coats listening to a lively talk from a thin man, who smoked short pipe and whose eyeglasses gleamed with excitement.

Mr. Scott recognized his old friend Bill Bailey of Yale, and his spirits rose. With the coming of Prof. Bailey and the class in American social conditions (juniors the time) Mr. Scott's finances invariably improved. He was very busy for the next ffteen minutes buttonholing members of the flock. Then he made the following statement to the press:

"You see, boss, it's this way. Here's a fine bunch of young fellers that go up against a lot of dead ones when they hit the town with their teacher, so I make a little bargain to steer 'em up against the real thing, show 'em a little real life, take 'em where de lid's off good and proper, see? I ain't no slouch at this sociology gag meself, only I ain't wasting my time over a bunch of stiffs or up in the foolsh house on de island."

Prof. Bill Bailey may or may not have noticed Mr. Scott's professional activities as the head of the "Scott Slumming Skindicate," as he called it, but he didn't nterfere, and Mr. Scott trailed along when the class in American social conditions sallied forth, Bill Bailey striding along at the head.

Bleecker street threw a few spasms when the bunch passed through, going west with long, swinging stride, leaving a beautiful streamer of cigarette, pipe and cigar smoke in its wake.

"Who's dem guys?" somebody yelled, and the answer came back straight and painfully: "Dem's de Hoivuds; dere teacher's takin' 'em out fer a walk."

Nothing less than the yell of Old Eli would do to wipe away the humiliation of that mistake, and the yell was given with a volume that brought no less than six excited cops from other beats. Bill Bailey turned down Mulberry street, past Police Headquarters and finally into Baxter, dodging an incredible number of surprised babies and fruit stands. He explained as he walked such social conditions as appeared to be interesting, and the fortyeven young men with the knowledge hunger hung upon his every word.

The first stop was made at the Chinese Theater in Doyers street. Prof. Bailey dickered with a fat Chinaman and then waved for the class to enter. "Don't flirt with the actresses," said

Bill, shaking a playful forefinger. The grimy, stuffy little house, with its nerve wrecking din of queer Chinese harmonies, was pretty well filled with Chinamen, all absorbed in the tragedy of "The Three Kings of Two Countries." (That's as close as you can get to it in English.) Not a Chink in the lot more than turned his head. Little Man Sooey, the Chinese actress from San Francisco, was much more interesting than the foreign Yale devis, and besides they were used to being annoyed by such things. One or two even nodded amiably at Bill Bailey, at which Bill's flock nudged each other and

which Bill's flock hudged each other and whispered.

It was somewhere about Act 432, scene 61, in the tragedy, and Yale entered during a strong moment. Man Sooey was wailing over her baby, and a fat Mandarin was leering owlishly at her. The orchestra was going at a fearful rate, pipes squealing, cymbals beating with the noise of clashing dishrans, a temporal beating for all the dishpans, a tomtom beating for all the world like the heavy exhaust of a steam world like the heavy exhaust of a steam pipe. The bunch in American social con-ditions stood it as long as possible and then looked appealingly at Bill. He shook his head. They hadn't soaked in enough

An important looking detective person swaggered down the aisle and condescended to speak a few words to the professor. That started quite a commotion. "They're going to pinch the house and the detective is tipping old Bill off," said one of the flock. Prof. Balley explained patiently that no

arrest was contemplated; the young men looked disappointed and relapsed into strained quiet. Finally even Prof. Bailey had enough of the infernal racket and gave the word to move.

Mr. Scott got busy there. He volunteered to lead the social investigators into

the Eclipse lodging house in Chatham Equare. The forty-seven filed up the narrow stairway, Bill Bailey waving them

"I shall stay below," said he, "while you young men make observations."

In front of the place a bleareyed panhandler engaged Mr. Bailey in conversation.

"Down here to see how the poor live, ain't youse?" said he. Something of the sort," said the pro-

fessor.

"Well. I hope youse guys'll learn one thing." remarked the panhandler, with great feeling: "it's hell to be busted and on your uppers."

Prof. Bailey remarked that he was poor himself and refused to stand for a touch.

Upstairs in the large, low ceilinged rooms where the riffraff of the Bowery were sleeping on cots the forty-seven explorers ventured, sniffing at the bad air. Their visit lasted one minute and as they passed out the lodgers sent a few real cuss words after them.

"Say Mike" said one continues as they passed.

out the lodgers sent a few real cuss words after them.

"Say, Mike," said one gentleman reclining on a cot, dis ain't right. There ain't nothin' right 'bout it. 'Spose we wuz to butt into one of them college sleepin' places, pikin' about to see how them young fellers live, w'y we get trun out by de cops so quick we'd lose our breath. No more they ain't got no biz buttin' in here. It's gettin' so nowadays that a man can't have no privacy at all."

Bill Bailey crossed the Bowery with the flock and led them into the Salvation Army Building. An excited youngster on the

y, youse fellers will have to take a do youse know it?"

"Ah. little man, we do that every day," remarked Bill Bailey.

Up the Bowery after that the bunch went to the Atlantic Garden. Mile. Zoar was balancing on a slack wire becomingly attired in an American flag. Long beers were traveling at express speed all over the room. Here's where we're at home, Bill," said

junior, gleefully. The stay at Atlantic Garden was some-

what prolonged.

Prof. Bailey wound up the night's adventuring with a final trip into Chinatown to the joss house and the Chinese restaurant, where the crowd supped on chop suey and other dishes not current in New Haven.

Rubberney autor symbling about the out-Ruberneck autos rumbling about the out-skirts of the quarter deposited loads of tourists who regarded Bill's flock with al-most as much curiosity as they did the long cued yellow men.

About midnight they got back to the Mills Hotel, where most of them spent the night.

I have a report to make," said Prof. Bailey, "before you young gentlemen re-tire for the night. I have made a careful investigation regarding unpleasant visitors that pass in the night here and elsewhere. I find that in this hotel out of a class of aixty-six, only two were bitten." [Loud

PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS. HIS LATEST AND BEST

In every way a master-'The Prospector' is vigorous, wholesome manly reading." Chicago Tribune: "It far surpasses its predecessors. A novel so tense that one grinds his teeth, lest the sinews should snap, ere the strain is released.'

New York Mall: "Certainly his

best. From first page to last

Cleveland Plain Dealer "More plot and action than in his previous books. Practice has improved his skill, without impairing the freshness of his style."

Boston Times: 'One of the

strongest novels of the year.

piece, where goodness

blends with humor.

simplicity with

courage."

heers and cries of "Bill, you are all right."]

cheers and cries of "Bill, you are all right." Therefore you may lie down to sleep with feelings approaching the tranquil."

It is worthy of note that there were some that did not lie down to sleep, despite the professor's reassuring statistics. Long after midnight, in cheerful subways, where strong voiced waiters hurled teary ballads against the stained wall paper, the yell of Yale was heard, thunderously punctuating the cries of ladies who seemed highly amused.

amused.
The forty-seven saw the Morgue, the Insane Asylum and other cheerful things yesterday. To-day they will visit the University Settlement House and the Educational Allicant onal Alliance.

COMIC SINGER A SUICIDE. McCreary Jumps Off Ferrybeat Forgiving Hammerstein in Note.

Jerseyites crossing to Weehawken on the erryboat Newburgh early yesterday morning saw a sickly looking, shabbily dressed man pull a sheet of paper from his pocket, write a few words on it against the glass door of the forward smoking compartment and then place it in his hat. A few minutes later he walked to the forward gate, and after throwing his hat onto the deck leaped into the water

George Freeman of 311 West Twentyfirst street, who had been watching the man, picked up the hat and notified the pilot. After a fruitless search of twenty minutes for the man's body the boat proceeded. Then Freeman, searching the hat, found this note:

My name is Wallace McCreary, an opera-singer. Could not stand the battle against ife any longer, and Mr. Hammerstein has been promising me a position as doorkeeper, but I forgive him. I go—this is the cause of taking my life. Let my body go to the

The police of the West Forty-seventh

The police of the West Forty-seventh street station, where the suicide was reported, learned from Oscar Hammerstein yesterday that McCreary was one of many applicants for jobs to whom he had promised a position when one was open.

Matthew Grau, a musical agent, said that McCreary was 53 years old, and was at one time a tenor of ability. He was the divorced husband of Lottie Gilman, the music hall singer, who later married Charles Holmes. He made his first appearance as Ralph Racketray in "Pinafore" twenty years ago. He had sung lately in the Duff and John B. Stetson opera companies.

HRISTIAN UNITY CONFERENCE. Plans for a Five Day Gathering in This City in November.

The first meeting of the general committee of arrangements for the Interchurch Conference on Federation was held last evening at the Hotel Savoy. There were present about fifty clergymen and laymen. representing a dozen or more of the Protestant denominations. The Rev. Dr. William H. Roberts of Philadelphia presided.

Plans for the conference, which is to be held in Carnegie Hall, this city, from Nov. 15 to Nov. 20, were announced by the secretary, the Rev. Dr. E. B. Sanford. He said that

the Rev. Dr. E. B. Sanford. He said that twenty-one religious bodies were to be represented by delegates.

The November conference will have as speakers leading men from all bodies. Among those mentioned are Bishops Doane and Greer of the Episcopal Church, Bishops McDowell and Fowler of the Methodist Church, Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, Senator Beveridge, Score-Supreme Court, Senator Beveridge, Secre-tary John Hay, Judge Grosscup of Chicago and Dean Hodges of Cambridge. The topics of the conference will be various phases of Christian unity. It is expected that the conference will lead to the organization of a permanent body which, while having no ecclesiastical authority, shall be able to voice the sentiment of the Protestant churches on all great questions.

NEW LUNA PARK SPECTACLE.

'The Fall of Port Arthur" to Take the Place of the Durbar.

"The Fall of Port Arthur" is to be a spectacle at Luna Park this year, taking the space occupied last year by the Durbar. A gang of 600 men are to be turned into the

A gang of 600 men are to be turned into the enclosure to-day to transform it into a reproduction of the bay.

"The Fall of Port Arthur" will not be in shape, of course, for the opening to-morrow night, but it is hoped that it will be ready in three weeks. A lake covering eight acres and thirty-six warship models are features of the show.

ANSONIA CASHIER HELD. Sald to Have Pocketed Payments by David

Warfield and Others. Gaorge W. Pollard, the Ansonia Hotel cashier who was arrested on the charge of taking \$2,100 from the hotel, in small amounts as paid by guests, was held in the West Side court yesterday in \$2,000 bail for examination to-day. Manager Webb said he could produce guests who had paid bills that Pollard had failed to credit. Among these it is said, are David War-field, S. H. Pains, W. H. Greens and H. L.

Miss Bookwaiter to Marry New Yorker. The engagement is announced of Miss Lida V. Bookwalter, niece of John W. Bookwaiter, to Clinton M. Hall of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Hall of New Orleans. The wedding will occur early in

Hutchinson-Whiton-PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 11 .- Miss Mary Knowlton Whiton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Whiton, and James Abbott Hutchinson of New York were married at the home of the bride's parents this afternoon home of the order pervise this attended by her sister. Mrs. Leighton Calkins, as matron of honor, and her nephew, Master Wolcott Calkins, as page. Willard F. Spalding of New York was best man, and the ushers were Frank J. Currier, Charles A. Cellins, W. Boward Hutchinson and Samuel C. Hutchinson, all of Lynn, Mass.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who is making a short tour in Robert Browning's "A Blot in 'Scutcheon," was acquainted with Browning, who used to call her "the girl with the blue eyes." The actress was then 18 years old, and one day she told Browning that she would some time make a production of one of his works.

"Of course you will, and some day I will write a play especially for you," replied the

poet.

He died a short time after this conversa-tion, but Mrs. Le Moyne has kept the promise

On an open Broadway car the other day sat a pretty little woman holding a green transfer in her hand. Alongside and keeping pace with the car came an automobile in charge of a likely looking chap.

No one really knew just how it came about, but there was a flutter of the green transfer, a nod from the likely chap, and the little woman stepped from the car to

"Well, what do you think o' that?" said a surprised passenger. "Hey, there, con-ductor, gimme a green transfer quick, so as I'll be ready when another one o' them things comes along."

A flashily dressed negro walked into the West Sixty-eighth street police station the other night and asked Sergt. Thomson if

he could have a detective.
"What do you want a detective for?"
asked the sergeant.
"Well, boss, mah wife done run away with another man and Ah thinks she wants

"You'll have to go to a private detective for that, we can't help you."
"How much will one of them cost me?"
"About \$5 a day, and he'll take at least

"H'm; two days at \$5 a day! Ah guess Ah'll let her go, boss." Over the desk of Deputy Collector John H. Storey, who has charge of the seizure room in the United States Appraiser's

building, is a row of books with such titles as "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Toilers of the Home," "The Governor's Garden," and "Sketches from Life." When a visitor shows wonder at the presence of such literature in a businesslike

office Major Storey selects at random any one of the volumes, and, opening it, reveals a big hole in the middle of the pages through half the thickness of the book.

"That is where people put jewelry that they send through the foreign mail," says the Major. "Every year yields a full harvest of watches, necklaces and pendants sent that way. Most persons seem to be under the impression that mail matter is accred and won't be servinized when it office Major Storey selects at random any

sacred and won't be scrutinized when i every package that comes by that means into this country is subject to examination. If we find any object concealed with the evident intention of evading duty it is summarily seized and sold at auction some

summarily seized and sold at auction some time later.

"Now, this copy of Sketches From Life' is a very cheap edition, yet it left Europe worth its weight in gold—for it contained a fine chronometer. This 'Toilers of the Home' conveyed a necklace, with a note that read, 'Dear Nell, I hope you will like the book.

"I'm afraid the sender of that little remembrance is angry with Nell for not acknowledging its receipt."

At the back of Major Storey's office is a partition of heavy wire. Beyond it could be seen many rows of shelves full of books and rolled manuscripts.

be seen many rows of shalves full of books and rolled manuscripts.

"That literature," continued Major Storey, "is the kind of stuff that Mr. Comstock hunts for. It c mes by mail, in passengers' baggage, and as regular importations. Frequently, after we have seized books or nictures or projecticals. seized books, or pictures, or periodicals of a questionable kind, the owner appeals to the Department for its release, on the ground that we are too prudish and that our ideas on art and morals are antiquated. If the Department refuses the request, we burn the stuff. All the books and papers you see there are being held await-ing the Department's decision.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The "house party" figures as conspicujously in the society novel of the day in America as the "week end" visit has done in England from time immemorial, as offering unusual advantages for the development of intrigue and romance in the informal and intimate association of the characters involved in the working out of the plot. Edith Wharton introduces it in her new serial, "Mrs. Essington" is the story of a house party and was originally called by that title, and Sidney Kennedy's new book, "The Lodestar," in which the "novellist" "just burrowing around and trying to smear himself with local color. the "artist," who was keeping him company, and "the millionaire," who can usually be relied on to "shed a faint odor of gasoline wherever he passes by," find the "Brown Eyed Girl," to whom novelist and millionaire and artist alike succumb. introduces a house party that fills a quiet country village with the idle rich set, who make things move swiftly and color them brilliantly for the Methodist minister and

Edgar Jepson's first hero, "The Admirable Tinker." the boy "who brightened Europe up a bit " and was called "a Sherlock Holmes in knee pants," has many friends who remember him pleasantly. They will be interested to know that young Tinker appears with his motor in Mr. Jepson's latest book, "Lady Noggs-Peerees" and combines with the young heroine a resourceful kindred spirit in a daring kidnaping achievement.

Among the anonymous books of the past season which created much comment and aroused no little curiosity concerning ite author was "Letters from a Chinese Official," expressing the Oriental's view EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

interesting to learn that G. Lewes Dickinson, author of "Religion-A Criticism and a Forecast," now admits to the authorship of a Chinese official's criticism of the shortcomings and insincerity of our civilization.

Vance Thompson's "Diplomatic Mysteries," it is claimed by the author, will contain "inside histories" of some of the most start ling chapters in European diplomacythe romance and tragic death of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, the plot that ended the life of President Faure of France, the violent death of Crown Prince Rudolph, the assassination of the Empress of Austria, &c.

In answer to the many inquiries made by readers of "The Walking Delegate" who, impressed by the points of similarity between Buck Foley of the story and the late Sam Parks, have written to know if Foley is not Parks under a thin disguise, the author, Mr. Scott, has written a letter of explanation in which he says:

I have taken the union Parks once mastered because I was fascinated by the dangerous trade of the men who erect the steel frame work of skyscrapers: and I have made free use of the situation that existed in the union at the time of Parka's su premacy, but Buck Foley is not Sam Parka. With one or two exceptions, and those very sub

rdinate, the incidents are not taken from Parks's life, I think, after their similarity in ruthless power has been recorded, likeness between the wo ends. I never spoke to Parks and never saw im but once and that after he had fallen from his high estate-at his trial when he was only a deathmarked remnant of his brutal prime

One of the anecdotes told of Parks which Blustrates the strange combination of great ability, great ignorance and great brutishness which made up the character of the man is that of a controversy Parks had with a contractor over a public telephone in a drugstore. The argument became heated and Parks enraged. Suddenly he threw off his coat and with a string of profanity squared up to the telephone and roared: "Stand up there and I'll knock your head off!" The next moment he realized that his opponent was miles away and he slunk out of the drugstore past the aston-ished cutsomers. Mr. Scott's hero is a

PUBLICATIONS.

Gold, Gold

THE FIRST WEEK Mr. F. K.Grinnell deposited \$100,000 in gold in the biggest bank in Wall Street; the next week, \$150,000; the third, \$250,000; the fourth, \$500,000, the fif h, \$1,000,000, and so on in everincreasing sums, until he had \$45,500,000 on deposit.

Where does the gold come from? Not from any known source of supply, because all these are corefully watched by the spies

of the richest man in the world. Has the secret of its manufacture been discovered? This is the extraordinary conclusion to which a group of hardheaded financiers come. For the panie of millionaires that ensued

read EDWIN LEFEVRE'S

The Golden Flood \$1.00.



of Occidental civilization. The book was more controlled character than this, also at one time attributed to the former Min- more keen and subtle and less brutal.

novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

this land of mystery and romance, help to shape the Empire, or rather their sweetnearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious

PUBLICATIONS.

ister from China, Wu Ting-fang. It is Lady Margaret Sackville, whose new colume of verse, "A Hymn to Dionysius and Other Poems," is announced among the spring publications, has a somewhat remarkable poetical ancestry. She is the daughter of the seventh Earl De La Warr. and includes among her forebears the first Earl of Dorset, Thomas Sackville, who was joint author with Thomas Norton of the first blank verse tragedy in the English language-acted in 1562 before Sackville s second cousin. Queen Elizabeth-and the sixth Earl of Dorset, Charles Sackville, one of the Merry Monarch's special favorites, who wrote the song, "To All You Ladies Now on Land," still to be found in most English anthologies.

Edwin Lefevre, whose mystery of the money market "The Golden Flood" is a book of the hour, gives an interesting explanation of the origin of the plot, which he says is based upon a pet theory of his, as follows:

I believe that the quality of mind-genius you might call it-which makes a man successful in Wall Street is practically the same as the quality of mind which makes him successful as a poet, a novelist, or an artist. At bottom it is high-powered imagination guiding the captain of finance to see new channels for investment that his less capable brothers do not see, in the same way that it leads the great painter to see beauties in nature to which other artists'eyes are blind. The big capitalists in Wall Street are not hopelessly sordid and un-romanife; and when the young Grinnell came to them and began depositing millions of dollars in gold he played upon their imaginative faculities. They immediately went further than ordinary men would have gone and made up their minds that Grinnell was an alchemist and was making the gold. I am confident that had the situation in the book really developed on Wall Street some such result as I have worked out would have taken

AMUSEMENTS.

CLOSES TOMORROW NIGHT NINTE MILITARY TOURNAMENT ANNUAL Management Military Athletic League.

To-night Review by Rear Admiral Joseph G.
To-night Cognian. U. S. N. of U. S. Troops. Canadian Highlanders and National Guard Detachments. Col. James M. Jarvis. S., Regt., N. G. N. Y., Cammanding. Drill by Highlanders, Kouga Riding Canadian. U. S. Blue. commanding. Drill by flightanders, Rough Rilling and Music Ride by 15th U. S. Cavairy. U. S. Bluelacktet from Flagship Alabama, Street Riot Drill, Drill Co. G. Sib U. S. Infantry, loading and firing drill 2nd Battalion N. M. N. V. Flying Platoon Drill 3rd Battery, N. G. N. Y., B'klyn. Stake Driving and Artillery Drill, F. A. U. S. A. Athlettes, Adm. 80c. Res. Mat. T. "" w afternoon at 7:15. Seate. 1. 150. 2. 2. Full Military Program.

PROCTOR'S SPLENDID SHOWS 23rd All Star Vaudeville. Bargain 25c.
31. — Mats for shoppers. — 25c.
JOE WELCH, RYAN & RICHFIELD. Hengier Sisters, Grand Opera Trio, Geo. H. Wood, Golden Gate Quintet, Edna Luby & Co. Parker's Dogs. Nate Leipsig.
XTRA FEATURE—HENRY DIXEY & CO. 5th. "THE THREE GUARDSMEN."
4v. Henry Woodruff and Big Cast.
5 h. "MR. BARNES OF NEW FORK."
5 at. Robert Drouet and Big Cast. Souv. Mat. every Tuenday. Dally Matinees, 25c.

125:h "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

14. Mr. Keley, Miss Morran, Mr. Alker

Mr. Wilson, others. Dally Matinees, 25c.

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HARLEM Evgs. 8:18. Matinee Saturday, 2:15
OPERA Mrs. Sarah Cowe: Le Mayne
HOUSE A BLOT IN THE SCUTCHEON.
Nest E. S. WILLAR & Seits
Week: In Repertoire. on Sole.

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BUSTER BROWN, with MANING GABRICI.
Not Week. "My Town-Loy Girl." GRAND Nest WK-WILLIAMS & WALKER West End EUGENIE BLAIR, "Saphe" | Evgs

YORKVILLE WALL TO DAY FAUST

Harpers' Book News

Fond Adventures

Since the publication of The Forest Lovers Maurice Hewlett has written nothing so palpitating with the full and splendid lite of the middle ages as these four tales. Mr. Hewlett has a magic mastery over the field of medieval romance. His rich,

sensuous im-MAURICE ressions are tinged with poetic feeling. They are a rev-

HEWLETT'S love stories

elation of the varied beauties possible in the telling of romantic tales.

The Marriage of William Ashe

"The most noteworthy heroine of English fiction since 'Becky Sharp," declares Life in praise of Lady Kitty in Mrs. Ward's great novel. It is a story that will endure-2 masterpiece of modern English fiction. There is a breadth of sympathy, a delicacy of touch in the

great moments Mrs. HUMPHRY of abandon- WARD'S great ment, a realnew novel ness which

makes the book not so much a picture of life as life itself.

MARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE. B way and 60th St. Evgs. 8:30. Matinee Sat. 3:20. Marie To npest Direct from Criterion Th. London With the Complete London Cast and Production LYCEUM B'way & 45th St. Last 2 Nights Ethel Barrymore "A DOLL" HERALD SQ. THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. Eva. 8:15. Matines Saturday. SAM BERNARD "THE ROLLICKING GILL."

KNICKERBOCKER Theatre, B'way & 8sth st.
TO-NIGHT 8:18. Matinee Saturday, 2:18.
FRANK DANIELS in the Musical Farce SERGEANT BRUE.

HUDSON THEATRE. 64th St., near B'way. NEW AMERICAN The Heir to the Hoofah

THEOEWEY LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY.
Vanity Fall Burlesquers.
Sunday—Aft-& Eve—Concerts THECOTHAM | LADIES' HAT. TO-DAY. 135th & 8d Av. | Sunday-Afr. & Eve-Concerts Last Mat. Sat. The COLLEGE WIDOW WALLACK'S. Lest 2 Nights. ALICE Ev. 8:26. Los: Mat. Sal. "THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS," EDEN WORLD IN WAR. New Groups

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